

The CANADIAN FORUM

Thirty-First Year of Issue

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Politics In France

► FOR A COUNTRY having a two-party system, like Canada, the French multi-party system seems exasperatingly difficult to understand. But underneath that seeming confusion there is orderliness, corresponding to the French logical individualism. Few peoples are able to overthrow so many ministries always to summon the same ministers back to power. For example, Robert Schuman has been in all the Cabinets since 1947. France's tradition — that is to say her history, a monarchy since the tenth century; a consulate; an Empire; four Republics; her geography, facing inward on the continent and outward to her overseas territories; her population a mixture of all races blended together — all this background has made Frenchmen interested in a legislature representing every shade of political thought, rather than building up one strong party. The so-called government crises have been more shuffles than radical changes. France has been fearful of an autocratic leader and has kept in the middle, refusing to be seduced by the efforts of propaganda coming from the two extremes, the Left communists, the Right deGaullists. Both extremes have lost in the last few years much of the post-war influence they held, and there is not much danger of regaining it. In recent years, France has had coalition governments, embodying the middle parties, called the Third Force. The instability comes when one or the other members of the coalition holds stronger views on some domestic problem, and in order to retain the support of all it has been necessary to vary the Cabinet, to meet the demands. However, there is a strong administrative service, well qualified through competitive examinations which carries the nation's business through any governmental crisis, so that the spectacular succession of governments has by no means an alarming significance. Centralization has made the unity of the administration agree in the broad plans of reconstruction. The economic life of the country has been pursued steadily as well as the foreign policy and bespeaks the French belief in continuity of humanistic values. The Monnet, Pleven, Schuman plans, supported by the N.A.T.O., show that France's position is again firmly established as one of the great nations in the world. Her domestic reconstruction through sacrifice and courage, her foreign policy in defense of a federated Europe, have underlined once more that the dominant trait of the French character is an imperative quest for equilibrium, preventing the nation, through a moderate policy, from going to extremes, even in times of crisis.

LAURE RIÈSE.

Middle East Muddle

There is no more false or dangerous figure in the political science of today, than the self-appointed Vasco da Gama who has "discovered" the true road to Asia, or the self-appointed T. E. Lawrence, who is advertising manager in ordinary for the Middle East. These areas, and their problems, have existed for quite a long time; their people cannot be much impressed when our statesmen and publicists take credit for having become aware of them thirty years too late; nor, we may suppose, are they particularly grateful for the remedies we prescribe after a casual six months' study of the disease.

The Middle East, and Islam in general, have their own traditions, their own society, their own culture. There is little democracy in the Middle East, and what there is is not our sort of democracy — it is more like, but not the same as, the democracy of a feudal village. There is much

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dictatorship, but it is not our sort of dictatorship—it is more like, but not the same as, the autocracy of Byzantium.

Point Four is a good beginning. The spirit in which it is administered is even better; it excludes all high-pressure salesmanship of the Western Way of Life. But where is the equivalent good sense at higher levels? To give only one example: why has not Britain proposed Pakistan, instead of France (whose behavior in Morocco has made her unpopular with all Muslims) or Turkey (the memory of whose Ottoman Empire is still an anathema to all good Arabs) as a participant in the guardianship of Suez?

Islamic Studies

McGill University has announced the establishment of a post-graduate Institute of Islamic Studies to open its doors in October. Financed mainly by a \$214,800 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Institute has set as its first major research project a course entitled "Islam and the Modern World." The endeavor is planned to be an essentially co-operative one undertaken by Muslims and Westerners jointly, and in this regard research associate-ships and assistantships with travel expenses are open for application for Muslim students. Also four \$1,250 fellowships are available annually.

We are relieved to be able to quote the director of the Institute, Dr. Wilfred Cantwell Smith, as saying that it has not been formed for political purposes at all. The Institute "will have a long range objective—rather than an immediately practical one," he said, and "I hope it will constitute a channel along which ideas can flow both eastward and westward."

Invitations have been sent to professors in Turkey, Pakistan, and one of the Arab countries to fill three of the five senior staff posts. Junior staff members are expected from Iran, India, Iraq, and Turkey. Dr. Howard A. Reed, formerly of Yale, will be assistant director. He and Dr. Smith will be the only Christian professors. The crescent of Islam includes 300 million people and connects three continents. It may prove to be the critical land mass in the world's ideological problems. The formation of the Institute of Islamic Studies is an important move toward the realization that we in the West cannot make the world in our image, but must seek compatibility with our neighbors.

The T.T.C. Strike

At the time of writing, the management and employees of the Toronto Transportation Commission are in conference; may some relief come to the citizens from this conference, for they have received scant consideration so far from either side! Both management and employees of a public utility should feel themselves under an unusual and double obligation: first, to avoid intransigence as long as possible, and secondly, to be entirely frank and clear in their explanations to the public.

As for the first of these points, negotiations broke down when each side stated that it would not budge from the position it had taken up. They are now spending hours together and one must suppose that they are not merely reiterating interminably what they have already said. What is now being said could have been said before the strike. Where the chief fault lies, we are unable to say, but we have referred before to the mantle of infallibility which the management dons so readily, and we can well understand the employees finding it as irksome as does the public.

As for the second point, the employees have stated that they will not accept arbitration, which seems to many

harassed citizens a reasonable method of settling a wage dispute in a public utility, and they have not explained satisfactorily their objection to it. The management has stated that any increase in wages beyond their offer will require an increase in fares, but have produced no evidence that this is true. They must realize that no one who has studied their annual accounts is going to accept them as reliable evidence on this point. Information to which we are entitled, and which the T.T.C. would be required to give were it operating under the Companies Act instead of skulking behind a special Act, designed to protect the public, but utterly ineffective for that purpose, is withheld. The T.T.C., by its curious methods of accounting, tolerated by that Act, has built up enormous surpluses of profits in the past, which it has been at some pains to conceal. Until the contrary is proved beyond dispute, we suspect that it is doing the same thing now.

Toronto Theatre

Canada is distinctive: it is the only country of some stature in the world that does not have a theatre and a native drama. Amateur productions can contribute something to a theatre, but they cannot make a theatre. Good theatre is a full-time job.



The Modern World

By R. A. MacKay and S. A. Saunders

Originally published in 1935, this book has sold all over the world, as there is nothing else which covers the same ground. It is the story of world political and economic developments during the present century. For this new edition, the book has been drastically revised. \$5.00

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Toronto, if any place in Canada, should be able to support a theatre. It has a population almost equal to that of Dublin and Oslo combined, two cities that are world famous for their theatres. The entire population of Eire or Norway is only three times that of Greater Toronto.

Just after the war Dora Mavor Moore and Mavor Moore made a valiant effort to establish a professional theatre in Toronto, the New Play Society. They deserve special praise for staging Canadian plays by Lister Sinclair, Morley Callaghan, Harry Boyle, Andrew Allan, John Coulter and Mavor Moore himself. Unfortunately a number of circumstances has forced the New Play Society to limit its productions the last two years to a Christmas pantomime and a springtime review.

This year Jupiter Theatre took up the burden. Its first and continuing problem is finding a suitable theatre house for its productions; indeed, the Jupiter Theatre production board considers that the major theatre problem in Toronto. The Museum Theatre, where they are staging their shows this year, has too small a stage and no wings or loft, and the rental cost per seat is high. The renovated Eaton Auditorium is fine for music, but not too good acoustically for voices, according to actors who have played there. Hart House is booked up. The Royal Alexandra with a seating capacity of 1600, is a little large, and therefore financially rather risky for a group that is just beginning to build its audience. Movie houses, which are willing to rent to play groups, demand very high rental fees, and usually limit their offer to Monday, Tuesday and sometimes Wednesday, which are the worst theatre nights in the week. Also, many of these theatres do not have adequate stages. Lastly there is Shea's Theatre which was purchased by the City of Toronto with the intention of tearing it down to clear ground for a Civic Square. In the meantime it is being used as a movie house, and in the meantime Toronto has no suitable theatre for local productions. When it is torn down Toronto may be even further from having a theatre for a good long time. Some Torontonians feel that a Civic Theatre (even if it is big old Shea's) for the production of local ballet, opera and drama will be a finer landmark for the city than a Civic Square. Shea's size (3100 seats) is a problem, but it might be possible to reduce the house and extend the foyer, which could then be used for art exhibits and civic receptions. (A new Civic Theatre would be too shattering a suggestion to consider.)

Twenty-five Years Ago

VOL. 7, NO. 77, FEBRUARY, 1927, *The Canadian Forum*

It may well be that in the days to come our descendants will speak of the present as the dynamic age. Although the philosophic principle that everything flows is true of every period, surely there has never been a moment in history when the torrent of life has rushed through the rapids at such break-neck speed. Everywhere our inherited institutions, social, moral, and political, are being questioned, criticized, tested, pulled apart, and finally remodelled or thrown aside. Compared to the violent flux in the Far East and most of Europe, Canada is, at present, in a comparatively immobile condition, but there are forces at work which may drive us into the swirl of the main current. Curiously enough, the increasing mutability of our political forms is largely due to rural influence. In the old lands, the industrialist is inclined to revolutionary ideas and the farmer or peasant is the conservator of tradition; but in Canada, while the industrial centres of Montreal and Toronto are complacently conservative, our only legislative assembly which is slightly radical is that controlled by the Farmer

Government of Alberta. After a full term in office the farmers were returned to power at the last election with an increased majority, and the leaders of the movement are satisfied that they owe their success to their organization in industrial groups. At a recent convention the U.F.A. announced its willingness to amalgamate with agricultural units in other provinces who would adopt this system, and with the phenomenal success of the Albertans in view, compared to the record of comparative failure in the rest of the Dominion, this may prove a tempting offer to other bodies of organized farmers and may possibly lead to an entirely new alignment in Canadian politics.

What's Left

II

► WHEN THE C.C.F. came into existence in the early 1930's it had two great points of superiority over the old parties, apart from the leadership of Mr. Woodsworth.

(1) It presented a coherent systematic program which was based on serious study by trained experts, of the economic and social situation of the time. Its analysis of the development of capitalism in Canada and in the world at large, and its proposals for planning our economy, were in such contrast to the stale claptrap and the fumbling for *ad hoc* expedients, which were all that the Liberals and Conservatives had to offer, that men and women of all classes were attracted to it. They were attracted to it even if they felt that its program was perhaps too far-reaching.

(2) In addition, the C.C.F. was helped in putting its case before the public by a great number of other voluntary bodies many of whom were not directly concerned with political parties at all. Everywhere there were clubs and study-groups springing up to do something about the depression. Churches, YMCA's and YWCA's, service clubs, fraternal organizations, all were calling for speakers and group leaders to study economic problems. Even the Canadian Manufacturers Association began to set its secretaries to learn a little about economics. Books and pamphlets on the subject were pouring forth from every press. Next door to us the American New Dealers were doing a superb job of publicity for programs similar to ours. And from Britain came the publications of the Labour Party and the Left Book Club. A large part of the most effective C.C.F. publicity was done for it by other bodies.

Today the world situation has changed. It is no longer the deflation of depression that we have to deal with but the inflation of the welfare state, accentuated by the rearmament pressure of the cold war. Capitalism has not failed on this continent to the degree that we thought it had failed for good in the 1930's. The C.C.F. needs to think out both its basic philosophy and its practical program in relation to these changed conditions. To stand waiting with our mouths watering until that next depression brings the phraseology of the 1930's into fashion again and gives us another juicy chance is not a policy. It may be true, as we believe, that our socialism is still relevant. But the socialism of the 1950's will at least have to put its emphasis upon rather different points. And, in fact, we might as well admit that at the moment we, as well as Liberals and Conservatives, don't quite know how to handle what looks like a permanent condition of inflationary pressures in our economy.

The first thing that the C.C.F. needs to do is to sit down quietly, and in private, and do some hard study of economic trends and problems. Such study is not carried on fruitfully by men who know all the answers beforehand. And the weakness of politicians is that they have to profess in public to know all the answers. When they have been doing this

steadily for twenty years, as our C.C.F. leaders have been doing, they are apt to become the victims of their own slogans, clichés and generalities. Fruitful study can be done only by individuals who strive to keep their minds open. This means that the C.C.F. badly needs a body who can do for it what the Fabian Society does for the British Labour Party. Such a body for study and research must be independent of the party, as the Fabians are, so as to be able to let its thinking range more widely, without any of the inhibitions that are imposed by the commitments of a party platform or by day-to-day party manoeuvring. Left parties must always be parties of ideas; and successful Left parties must take much more pains than the C.C.F. has ever done to maintain an atmosphere round about them in which ideas, as distinct from dogmas and slogans, can flourish.

In Ontario the C.C.F. has been too much dominated in recent years by bureaucrats in the office on Jarvis St. and by politicians concentrated on considerations of expediency. No party can get on without such officials. But the Ontario party has shown a positive genius for taking up issues that turn out to be duds, like the Gestapo and the Atkinson will issue, and for failing to take up issues with potential popular appeal, such as milk distribution or housing.

Since the general idea of the welfare state is now accepted by everybody, the C.C.F. must distinguish itself from other parties by working out its welfare policies in specific detail. It is useless to talk about housing, e.g., unless we base our public propaganda on some thorough study of the technical problems involved. We need to do on housing and a good many other topics the kind of thing that the Labour Party did in the 1930's in its "Policy Reports" on the Bank of England, coal, transport, etc.

In addition to trying to recover some of the expert knowledge in which the C.C.F. was so superior to other parties during the 1930's, we greatly need a fresh approach to the whole question of publicity. In the 1930's and down to 1945, as I have said, our publicity came easily. We had all sorts of allies, including the Almighty who so ordered events that our arguments seemed unanswerable. But today the C.C.F. speeches in parliament or in the legislature are not heard beyond the walls of the chamber in which they are delivered. C.C.F. papers are not read beyond the circles of the faithful—and it speaks volumes for the devotion of the rank and file that they still do read the papers which C.C.F. officialdom publishes. The daily newspapers and the mass-circulation weeklies and monthlies are all against us. Every big advertising firm has some slick young men who at a moment's notice can grind out slick propaganda against us for any client with money. And the self-styled experts in the C.C.L., who appear to have taken over most of the work of putting the C.C.F. across during the last provincial election, have turned out to be ignominious failures in delivering the labor vote. It is time for some new ideas on the C.C.F. approach to the public. We need some hard fresh thinking on what our program is to be, and we need some creative imagination to devise effective new ways of putting that program across.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Letter From London

Stella Harrison

► ON A BRISK AFTERNOON in mid-winter I walked up Store Street toward the Senate building of the University of London, with its pleasing clean lines and grey-white cleanish face. I calculated that on a bright morning in mid-summer the shadow of the Senate tower cast by the sun as it first rose above the Bloomsbury trees and houses would fall straight down Store Street to just about the level of the bay where the Building Centre stands. Most readers are probably aware that London, more than most cities, has conserved from the huddled Middle Ages and the cramped conditions of the succeeding "spacious" days, the arrangement of the town by which particular quarters are largely consecrated to particular trades. Store Street runs straight down from the student quarter to the street devoted par excellence to furnishing, interior decorating and domestic equipment, from carpets to cupboards and from wallpaper to water heaters. By a stroke of genius, the Building Centre has been removed from its inadequate premises in elegant but inappropriate Mayfair to this ideally suitable and accessible spot.

The idea of the Building Centre is to make permanently available to anyone interested in any aspect of building, as much information as possible in the form of displays, sample installations and printed matter. It is a non-profit-making concern, run by a council whose motive is to induce improvement in building practice through knowledge of the best, and to encourage solutions to current building problems which combine the aesthetic with the practical. In this respect it is similar to the Council of Industrial Design, which announces in an exhibit on the entrance floor of the Building Centre: "The Council's purpose is to promote better design in British manufactures. The Council's practice is to see this as a question of supply and demand . . . to stimulate the supply of good designs and . . . to create a public demand for higher standards."

If that sounds at all high-falutin', let me say before going any further that the Building Centre offers one of the best of those free shows that London is so prolific in providing. I do not know if Canada has anything similar, parallel with its own Council of Design. Perhaps it has, in Toronto or Montreal maybe; but in the nature of things, such a permanent centre would rarely be visited by non-specialists from beyond the immediate vicinity, so I think the London centre is worth describing.

It is a converted motor-car showroom and garage, originally put up before the 1914-18 war, when reinforced concrete was not long out of the experimental stage, and rehabilitated after the bomb blast of the 1939-45 war. As much as possible has been retained from the original structure, or transformed to fit into the new pattern, and the way it has been done is significant in a country which has suffered heavy war damage and is restricted in the amount it can spend on new capital development.

The ground floor exhibition is invitingly visible from the street through plate glass doors and windows embodying the characteristics of the most attractive shopfronts without being like a shop. At the main entrance are an excellent information office, bookstall for the sale of official publications, and exhibits of government departments. (It is a revelation how much government has to do with building, and to what good purpose.) There are bricks, building blocks, glass of every degree of opacity—plain frosted, rippled, ribbed, stained and leaded into a Holy Family in Botticelli blue and red and madder suitable for a church vestry or a serene

figure of Justice for the entry to a court of law. There is the flooring section — more than fifty types of stone, tasselled, concrete, wood-block and synthetic flooring — and of course, being England, there is a garden to be seen through the glass wall and reached through a glass door. It is less a garden really than a courtyard, incorporating the various pavings, flagged, cobbled and crazy, that will stand up to the rigors of the English climate, and little trees and shrubs growing in troughs and urns and even in a small earth-filled laundry basket.

On the staircase down to the basement (the stairways are themselves exhibits) can be seen glazed tiles — fish in appetizing procession for the kitchen, ships to sail infinitely round the bathroom, all the leading characters from Shakespeare and Dickens to lend interest, one assumes, to what are usually described as "usual offices." All the plumbing belongs to the basement, together with faucets that won't ever drip, sinks that won't overflow, and the boiler room, planned as a "live" exhibit, for the Centre's central heating plant.

There are exhibition areas on the three upper floors too, gas and electrical sections on the first, and a temporary exhibit of the sort of dream kitchen that films make us suppose to be commonplace in America and which are standard here only in the better local authorities' prefabs. On the second, solid fuel appliances (cosy fireplaces that look nice and do warm the room), paints, wallpapers in many styles—damask tapestry designs, vigorous maroon, gilt and silver tie-silk stripes, Napoleonic gold laurel-wreaths on broad bands of alternating apple-green and white.

The third floor is the best of all. Here is the timber section, including the exhibit of the Timber Development

Association, another of those invaluable non-trading, non-profit-making organizations that serve the common interest of traders and consumers. The Association conducts research into the "structural and decorative properties of timber of every kind" with the object of ensuring its "most efficient, economic and artistic utilization." Forty-eight one-foot squares of finished wood contrast the hot red of mahogany with the delicate tint of cedar, the thick streaky formation of sober olive with the shimmering surface of London plane stippled like a pointillist picture of sand on some northern beach at dawn. Another series of panels is of natural hardwoods, silky smooth yet capable of taking the maximum strain, and softwoods with their special qualities of workability indicated. Timber is shown in use in stairs and handrails, window-frames and doors, where the emphasis in a housing-hungry land is on standardization. (A lot has been heard of making a bonfire of controls but it is to be hoped that among those plucked from the burning will be the 1945 Order of the Ministry of Health which made compliance with certain standard specifications obligatory in respect to housing projects.)

Free space has been left on this floor to be devoted from time to time to current exhibitions and there is also a lecture theatre and cinema to seat a hundred people. The intention is to show either films linked with whatever current exhibition is on view or else specifically technical films mainly to invited audiences of trade specialists and students. Although the public will in general be freely admitted, it is primarily to serve these groups that the Centre exists.

My tour of inspection coincided with an instructional visit by a group of trainees from the North Thames Gas Board, a sub-division of the nationalized gas industry. These



men are selected from among those already working in the industry—fitters, foremen, clerks—or by the University Appointments Board from among promising graduates—to train as local sales representatives. Their main function, needless to say, will be not so much to sell as to advise customers on what to buy, or hire, and their long and thorough training courses have to take account of the economics of the industry and of the country, where nothing made of metal or consuming fuel dare be used wastefully. The visit by this group so early in the life of the new Centre is evidence that, besides affording a fascinating opportunity to the enquiring mind to enquire further, it is already filling a real and very practical need.

London, England, January 10, 1952.

Building Codes in Canada

Howard Chapman

► THE SUBJECT OF BUILDING codes offers several avenues of approach—technical, legal, and political. Partly because of their complexity and the fact that they require almost constant revision, building codes are liable to ills which leave them open to severe criticism. This article will try to give a general picture of building codes: their purpose, development and faults.

Safety and the protection of health are the basic objectives of building regulations. Apart from its direct objectives, a code lays down building standards which represent agreements between producer (the industry) and consumer (the public). With changing economic and social conditions, established building materials and methods may become prohibitive in price. In the consumer's search for less expensive goods and the marketing of these goods by the producer, it is the building code which exercises control. A well-written code can provide incentive to development while the marketing process can be aided by uniform regulations across the country. The up-to-date building code also serves to bring together standards of health and safety as these develop, with the latest proven technological advance in meeting these standards. Thus, the code should act as a sort of clearing house between producer and consumer, and as such must be constantly changing and developing.

The way that the average building code has developed may explain some of the ills to which it is subject. In the past, building regulations came about solely to answer the need for control of local conditions. The major function of such legislation is to determine the level of requirements to be established as an expression of the will of the community, and the manner in which the requirements are to be met. Because of lack of data in the past, legislators have been obliged to determine standards on the basis of opinion and private judgment. Prejudice and limited experience have sometimes been written into our codes. Out-dated codes were sometimes adopted and, at times, unnecessarily expensive requirements were written into local by-laws. Building codes of smaller municipalities were often copied from those used in larger centres, without the required modifications being made.

The tendency of building codes to fall behind the times is the most serious and widespread of their defects, which also include requirements based on selfish motives, and rigidity in dealing with various possible methods of construction. Inertia, expense of revision, and reluctance to open up controversial questions have all played their part in preventing the community from benefiting by progress in

building techniques and economy. Failure to deal adequately with new materials and methods is one of the obvious faults of a poor code.

That there is a need for quite drastic action in the field of building regulations is demonstrated by experience in the United States. A Round Table technical report by specialists in U.S. house building, published early in 1951, established that with an all-out attack on waste, between 20 and 40 per cent could be saved in the cost of small house construction. Some of the savings could be effected immediately by home builders and their architects, but by far the greater part of the economies are blocked by obsolete local building codes, which also take no account of savings which could be effected by national co-ordination. It is unfortunate that someone stands to make money at the home buyer's expense out of almost every wasteful practice thus entrenched. It is equally unfortunate that before a vital drive is made against such practices we must have war and vast armament programs. "The American standard of wastefulness" mentioned in the Report costs the United States an estimated 40 to 50 billion dollars a year. If American home builders achieve much of the savings contemplated they will have Russia to thank.

In Canada we have at least one specific example indicating the cost of out-dated regulations. The province of Ontario has produced a set of plumbing regulations which, however, have not yet been made law. Three years ago figures were prepared showing the savings which could be effected in Toronto, if plumbing practice were to conform to this new code rather than to the antiquated code still in force. On a single small home, the savings calculated were approximately 25 per cent on the cost of this item.

Most of our building by-laws have developed under their own local conditions, without reference to any overall national pattern. The enormous amount of work involved in making and revising one of these by-laws is therefore being multiplied many times across the country. With an adequate staff to assist him, the local Commissioner of Buildings can, to some extent, keep pace with revisions to meet changing conditions, new materials, etc., but in the larger cities the by-law can, at best, provide a standard and guide for average conditions. A very heavy responsibility devolved on the Commissioner's office to act with discretionary powers in dealing with each application for permit involving new materials and methods of construction. To adhere to our average by-law without the loophole provided by such discretionary powers would be to stultify technical advance.

The need for federal services in this field appears to have been recognized in Ottawa in 1933, when the first meeting on building problems was convened by the National Research Council. This Council was created in 1916, a federal agency reporting to the Privy Council Committee on Scientific and Industrial Research, and operating through appointed special or "Associate" committees.

One of the topics discussed at this first meeting was the preparation of building regulations for nationwide use. After further meetings and consideration of the special interests of the National Housing Administration, a joint Administrative Committee on a National Building Code was appointed by the Department of Finance (operating the National Housing Administration) and the National Research Council. Before final printing in 1941, drafts of the various parts and sections of the code were circulated all over Canada for comment and criticism, and where possible these suggestions were incorporated in the printed version.

Five thousand copies of the code were printed and widely distributed across Canada, with an appreciable number

requested from other countries. In a "First Report" to the British Ministry of Works by its Code of Practice Committee in 1943, the National Building Code of Canada was described as "perhaps the most complete and logical building code extant." Many municipalities adopted the code and it became a standard work of reference in architectural and engineering fields.

From 1941 until 1948, when the code was reprinted in loose-leaf form, there was one major development. This was the publication in 1947 of "A Building Code for Smaller Municipalities." This shortened version of the National Building Code was designed for municipalities which had found the larger code too long and complex for their requirements. This "Short Code" was widely used, both in English and French, and, though in tentative form only, its popularity showed clearly the need for such a document.

In 1947 the National Research Council set up the Division of Building Research. The need for continuous revision to the National Building Code to keep pace with changing techniques and materials had always been recognized, and the new Division was directed to assist in this most vital work. By this time the work of the old National Housing Administration had been taken over by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, and was no longer a constituent part of the Department of Finance. It was decided that the work to be done could best be accomplished by an Associate Committee of the National Research Council. The former Joint Administrative Committee (responsible for the original code) was replaced by the new "Associate Committee on the National Building Code" on March 1st, 1949. The purpose of this committee was "to further the development of National Codes of practice for building construction and to assist in the promotion of uniformity in local building requirements," as well as to serve as liaison between various groups in Canada interested in building regulations.

Work of the committee is closely associated with the Division of Building Research. Members are appointed as individuals for terms of three years. Building officials are not included, for the committee is a policy-making body only. The preparation of revisions to existing documents and new documents is left to specialist technical sub-committees, independent of the National Research Council but serviced by the technical staff of the Division of Building Research. Drafts of documents or parts of the code are subject to critical review and comment by all those interested. The committee tries to keep all organizations, associations, and individuals in Canada who are in any way concerned with building regulations in touch with developments. Bulletins are issued from time to time to any who may request them.

Since the National Building Code was first produced mainly to serve the municipalities and their building officials, the committee has felt the importance of consultation with the municipalities. The first meeting for such consultation was held in Ottawa early in 1949. It led to the preparation of a "pocket-sized" code for residential construction, and to consultation of the Associate Committee with representatives of the provinces.

Since municipalities in Canada operate under provincial legislation, provincial governments are also involved. In September, 1949, the Associate Committee met with provincial representatives to discuss problems, such as legislation and adequate building inspection, which appeared to be common to all the provinces. In Ontario it had been discovered that more than twenty statutes, not all consistent with one another, dealt with building regulations. An inter-departmental committee for Ontario, with the

Ontario representative for the National Building Code as chairman, was therefore set up to deal with this situation. Certain provinces have their own regulations on special aspects of building such as plumbing. Close liaison between Ottawa and the provinces is necessary if such regulations are to be co-ordinated with the National Building Code.

A large part of Canada's population live in the smaller municipalities. The needs of these small units were stressed particularly at the Building Officials' meeting in 1949. Some of them had no building regulations of any sort and could not afford to pay for the necessary technical services. To meet their need, the "Code for Residential Construction" was issued as a revised form of the previous "Building Code for Smaller Municipalities." It defines minimum standards of construction consistent with public safety.

In the field of residential buildings there is another set of building standards originating in Ottawa. This is "Building Standards" issued by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, setting forth standards consistent with investment from public and private sources. Though there are divergences between these standards and those set forth in the Code for Residential Construction, they are not considered serious.

In revising the National Building Code, the Associate Committee emphasized arrangement of material. It aims to avoid complexity and overlapping, and achieve a flexibility which will allow for developments in building for years to come.

Apart from the Code for Smaller Municipalities and the main Code, a third document is needed to serve the needs of the intermediate-sized municipality. In this way a new municipality would be able to "grow" from the small Code, through the intermediate one, to the final adoption of the full Code, all versions being correlated and inter-dependent. This third document, however, is merely a proposal at this date.

Features of the revised main Code are loose-leaf binding and grouping of those parts of the Code which may have to be revised to fit the Code for different local needs. It is also recognized that the document should be framed and phrased in such a way that legal difficulties in the way of its local adoption in all provinces will be minimized.

According to a survey made in 1950, one hundred and fifty municipalities have made extensive use of the National Building Code documents, and between twenty and thirty



ARCTIC FOX—LAURENCE HYDE
(Courtesy of Lacia Eurg, Quebec City)

have adopted them in whole as local building regulations. The Code was also used by the City of Montreal as the basis for its municipal regulations put into effect in 1948.

From the above review it is clear that action at a federal level is vitally important for technical and economic reasons, and such action is being taken at Ottawa. However, the codes which result from the work being done in Ottawa are only advisory in character. It should also be recognized that the tasks undertaken by the Associate Committee are of a difficult and long-term nature, and, with the personnel available, results of the work may be some time in appearing.

Even though full information from Ottawa on model codes, and the results of continuing research on materials and methods, is available, it still remains the responsibility of the municipalities to take advantage of this information. At the present time there are so many old codes of non-adaptable form across the country, that it is very difficult to make the progress which central standardization would provide.

In some parts of the U.S. codes have recently been produced by the state and either these new codes or the local codes may be followed under the law. In our country existing government policy would have to be changed before over-riding provincial or federal authority in the making and administering of building regulations could be affected.

The situation is, then, that in Canada a national basis for good building legislation has been provided, but the responsibility for action rests with each municipality.

The New Indonesia

Patricia van der Esch

The Dutch-Indonesian Union

► THE UNION STATUTE which was created in 1949 provides for a constitutional link through the crown of the Netherlands between the two countries. The Indonesians, however, want to break the Dutch-Indonesian Union and simply conclude an international treaty with Holland. Professor Supomo was in The Hague two months ago to discuss the question but the Dutch, although cooperative, are not willing to grant many further concessions.

The status of Irian is the most bitter question outstanding between Indonesia and Holland at this moment. It led indirectly to the change of government in Indonesia last March and it may well lead to a complete rupture of the Dutch-Indonesian Union.

At the Round Table Conference in The Hague in 1949 the question of Irian was left to be determined at a further conference within the following year. The Irian Conference which began last December 4 (1950) ended in complete failure. The final proposal of the Dutch was that sovereignty over Irian be transferred to the Dutch-Indonesian Union, rather than to the Republic of Indonesia, and that the Dutch continue to administer Irian affairs. This was promptly rejected by the Indonesian delegation who were negotiating for nothing less than complete sovereignty over Irian.

The Indonesians feel that Irian's status justifies or condemns the existence of colonialism in their country. They argue that Irian belongs to them on the basis of self-determination and they have been taught by the Dutch that the term "Indonesia" includes Irian. Above all, they interpret the Round Table Agreement as giving them sovereignty over all territory once colonized by the Dutch. They are willing to safeguard Dutch missionary efforts and development programs in Irian but until it becomes part of the Republic of Indonesia they will not be content.

The Dutch, for their part, also use the argument of the right of self-determination, but they apply that right to Irian itself instead of to the Indonesian Republic. They want a plebiscite in Irian but the difficulty of getting 200,000 primitive peoples to vote on such a question tends to destroy this argument. The Dutch feel that Holland has a surplus of capital and population and therefore she must have a colony as an outlet. The difficult domestic situation of the Dutch Government undoubtedly influences their intransigent position over Irian; it was hard enough to grant Indonesia her independence and further concessions would arouse more criticism. Otherwise, why swallow the camel of Indonesian independence and balk at the fly of Irian?

Domestic Policy of the Sukiman Government

The two main parties in Indonesia are the Masjumi, or Moslem party, which has 46 seats in the present provisional government, and the Indonesian Nationalist Party with 35 seats. The Socialists have 16 seats and the Communists, 14, while the remainder are divided among four smaller parties. The Sukiman Cabinet, which followed that of Natzir in April, is a "coalition Cabinet on a broad national basis" in which the Masjumi and Indonesian Nationalist each have five ministers.

The first concern is that of the overriding problem of security in Indonesia; the second, that of prosperity, is closely allied to the preservation of security. There are still nearly 250,000 armed men who fought for Indonesian independence who have not returned to productive and peaceful labor. Indonesia's exports have risen slowly each year since 1947, but productivity is low and labor badly needed on rubber plantations, in oil fields and in industry. A great deal of reconstruction work remains to be done since the scorched-earth policy and devastation caused by continual fighting, particularly in Java with the densest population of 35 million, and on the little island of Ambon.

The Sukiman Government has nationalized the Java Bank and substantial credits are granted for new enterprises. The banking system must be improved in order to stimulate savings and build up a reserve of capital because capital is the major problem in any attempt to raise productivity in Indonesia. The large expenditures the Government has to undertake for reconstruction and rehabilitation cannot be covered by production and occasional foreign loans so that a deficit in the budget is inevitable. The Turnover tax is to be abolished and a Sales Tax levied on imports and all manufacturers.

A new Agrarian Law will replace the Agrarian Act of 1870 which made land cheaply available in order to attract foreign investments. The large estates are being expropriated and small holders' plots abolished as quickly as possible.

The plans for general elections for a Constituent Assembly are being continued. The lack of uniform local and regional administration in the whole of Indonesia is the main difficulty here.

The Government has a sympathetic policy toward labor and many laws dealing with recognition of the new trade unions, collective bargaining, and minimum wages and hours are being drawn up. The mass arrests of 1300 Communists which began on the eve of the August 17 independence-day celebrations were aimed at the extreme wing of the party which was planning to assassinate the prime minister and organize a *coup d'état*. Communist infiltration into key posts, especially the press, had grown to such an extent that the freedom of action of the government was threatened.

Foreign Policy

Ahmad Subardjo, the Indonesian foreign minister, declares that "Indonesia will keep clear of all entangling

alliances—whether of a political or military nature—directed against third parties." Relations with the other free nations of Asia are of primary importance to the new Indonesia. She has already completed treaties of friendship and mutual aid with India and China, with Burma (the first one signed by the Burmese as an independent nation), with the Philippine Republic and Pakistan.

The decision of the American Senate to suspend economic aid to all countries delivering strategic materials to the Soviet Union and her satellites is a major problem for the Indonesians. Indonesia voted for the United Nations resolution branding China as the aggressor in Korea, but she refrained from voting on the recommendation to place an embargo on strategic materials going to Russia or China. In Djakarta it was immediately stated that there had been no exports of vital materials to China so that "the Government of Indonesia is therefore able to honor the recommendation of the United Nations." The foreign ministry, however, felt that Indonesia's position had to be studied carefully because "any supposition as to what goods should be considered strategic materials would be premature." If rubber were included in the embargo it would be a direct threat to the whole Indonesian economy because rubber is her most valuable export, bringing her more revenue each year than that earned from the export of petroleum and tin combined.

Restrictions in her world market for rubber would cause a fall in prices which would affect Indonesia immediately. That is why the Indonesians look upon the United Nations recommendation as inspired by the United States with the Machiavellian intention of procuring rubber for stockpiling at the cheapest possible rate. Indonesia has received only \$95 million of Marshall Aid, but she is in need of much more. Her dollar revenues from the sale of rubber to the United States are now three times that figure (\$300 million a year). This revenue will drop considerably if the United States becomes the single buyer of her rubber. A decrease in her foreign exchange would lead to increased scarcity of manufactured goods, unemployment and disturbance of the peace.

The Indonesian ambassador in Washington was immediately recalled to discuss the serious problem which the rubber embargo posed for Indonesia. The government is consulting the Asian and Arab countries before making a decision and it is studying the British license policy in Singapore which prevents China from receiving more rubber than she needs for civilian purposes.

An Indonesian paper points out the paradox contained in American policy in Asia. On the one hand, the Americans attempt to keep Asian countries from communist influence by giving them economic aid while on the other hand they help to establish communism by pursuing a policy which is economically detrimental to them. If rubber prices are pushed down, the resulting distress in Indonesia will certainly increase communist influence and support. In this case, what the United States may be gaining in Korea she may well lose in Indonesia.



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White Collars without Starch

Titus Lord

► TWO RECENT FAILURES on the part of trades unions to gain recognition and contracts in industries in which they were making their first organizing attempts in this country serve to point up the difficulties facing the union movement. In Toronto a major set-back was experienced by Local 1000 of the Department Store Employees' Union, CIO-CCL, when employees of the T. Eaton Co. voted against having this union represent them. In the offices of The Canadian Press, the American Newspaper Guild, CIO, is said to be just about ready to concede defeat in its efforts to secure a contract for the editorial employees.

In both cases there was extreme hostility on the part of management to the organizing attempts by the unions; for earlier details see *The Canadian Forum* issues of May and June, 1950. At The Canadian Press this opposition stems from the nature of the national news-gathering agency. It is a co-operative wholly owned by the almost one hundred daily newspapers of Canada. The editorial workers of a majority of these daily newspapers were not organized; and the publishers were sure that success for the Newspaper Guild in The Canadian Press would mean a similar organizing attempt to follow in their own newsrooms. The publishers' efforts therefore were directed towards "breaking" the Guild before it could gain a foot-hold. Enmity towards the Employees' Union at Eaton's stemmed from somewhat similar causes. This huge metropolitan store is owned by a family prepared to maintain its vested interests and excuse a rather unenlightened labor policy based upon a paternalistic attitude toward its employees.

It is interesting to observe that rather definite behavior patterns occurred among the employees of both companies during the attempts at union organization. The pattern is familiar no doubt to union organizers in other industries, but there is reason to believe that some aspects of it are unique. In both cases the union was not welcomed by senior employees eligible for union membership. Most of them were prepared to admit that there was need of a union and that their working conditions would have been better if a union had been representing them during their junior period with the company. But the senior employees felt that any open sympathy with the union would jeopardize their present seniority and their close association with management. At Eaton's these employees were sufficiently stimulated to band themselves together into an organization labelling itself Loyal Eatonians. They fought the union with literature and by pressure brought to bear on junior employees.

At both Eaton's and The Canadian Press, management realized that time was on its side and employed every delaying tactic possible to improve their advantage. Both companies opposed the certification of the unions. The efforts of management at The Canadian Press were not successful in this regard, but the efforts of Eaton's management were. The legal process of certification under existing labor laws is a natural for delaying tactics. If certification has been opposed by management and therefore is not automatic, many months usually elapse before a vote can be taken. During this time coercion can be practised by the employer. This is forbidden by labor law, but it doesn't take much imagination to devise subtle forms of coercion which remain difficult to prove as definite breaches of the law. At Eaton's as at The Canadian Press, promotion and salary increases were the prerogative of management and were used in

obvious ways as "persuasive" measures against union members and union sympathizers.

As another example, under the provisions of the Canada Labour Relations Act, a company must bargain in good faith with the union certified as representing its employees. The term "in good faith" is open to as many interpretations as those without are prepared to put upon it. Management of The Canadian Press at one point was charged in magistrate's court with failure to bargain. The presiding magistrate dismissed the charges because he could not find evidence of lack of good faith. This decision was despite the fact that The Canadian Press offered a contract in which the company was to be the sole judge of working conditions, hours and wage increases. The union asked for a progressive salary scale based upon years of experience. The company offered a minimum salary with no guarantee of progression. The minimum salary was to be lower than the salary already being paid to any editorial employee at the time the offer was made.

Another difficulty encountered by the unions in their drives at Eaton's and The Canadian Press was staff changes. The turnover of staff at Eaton's is particularly high because of low salaries and the high proportion of women and temporary help employed. The union found that no sooner would it obtain a majority in any one department than resignations would deplete it to the point where an almost new organizing attempt had to be made. Union organization attempts create tension and there can be little doubt that many resignations in both companies were traceable to this source, particularly to the increased tension brought on by the hostile attitude of management.

Whatever else may have been learned by the unions from these abortive attempts to organize white-collar workers, they ought to reconsider the limitations of a class struggle theme addressed to Canadians. At Eaton's the union appeared to emphasize the difference between management and the employees on a class line that carried Marxist overtones with it. It would have been sounder and more intelligible to the majority of the employees to point out instead that organization by employees is merely paralleling the present organization among their employers.

Attention-Getting Devices

Helen Claire Howes

► ANY WOMAN WHOSE TRAIN or boat trip is proving dull can liven things up materially by having a small mishap. There are, of course, certain restrictions: (1) The accident must not be your own fault. (2) It must be due to negligence, no matter how slight, on the part of the company. (3) It must not be in that category referred to as An Act of God. (4) It must not be too painful, nor leave a permanent scar. That would take all the fun out of it, but it can be a little painful and still well worth it.

I came to these conclusions after receiving an injury that could be covered by half a band-aid. It led me to speculate on the amount of attention one would net in return for a serious accident to one's person. Why, with a cut a quarter-inch long I was the object of concern of six railroad employees from before lunch on Monday until the end of my trip Tuesday noon.

It came about this way. The toilet door in the Ladies Only on a train is very narrow, with a proportionately small door knob. The small knob had been lost and replaced by a

regulation-size knob which was too large and didn't leave, between knob and door jamb, enough room for your fingers when you closed the door after you. I gave it a smart pull-to because it had been swinging on its hinges. In so doing, I caught my ring finger, giving it a nasty little tear which immediately spurted red and turned a little white-hot pain on and off like a light. I used mildly strong language, which the occasion demanded, and swathed the finger in the railroad's kleenex. After nursing my wound tenderly, I made my way to the diner, knowing from experience that life looks brighter after lunch.

Now, at first I treated the incident as of no account—annoying, but just one of those things. But, when I saw how insistent the crew members were that I be a major casualty, I capitulated and quite entered into the spirit of the thing. It's amazing how quickly you can get the hang of it, even though you aren't by nature a helpless sort of creature. They seemed to like me better in that role; they expect certain behavior in an accident victim and, after all, they have their duty to perform. A trainman's life is not a nappy one.

Asking the head steward for a band-aid, I received it with directions to see my porter immediately. I demurred; sanitary precautions had been duly taken with the application of the bandage, and I could notify my porter when I returned to my car. But the steward gave me no peace, urging me every time he passed my table to see the porter. The latter rolled his eyes, leading me to the offending door for a demonstration. He apparently realized its potentialities for trouble when he saw that the door knob was rusty as well as over-sized, and he deplored its use on such a narrow door. He made out his report while I returned to my tomato juice. No sooner had I got well into it than the porter returned, flanked by an anxious conductor who plied me with questions and urged me to have a doctor meet the train. Why, he was so concerned over the seriousness of the injury that I looked down to see if I still had my hand!

I considered the whole affair in the nature of blowing up a grain of sand into a desert, but the more I protested that this could happen to any woman in closing a desk drawer or a kitchen cupboard, the more insistent was the conductor that I be ministered to by a full-fledged physician. But, brave little woman that I was, I continued to refuse the doctor. If I had accepted their offer right there, they probably would have let me be, but I would have missed a lot of fun. (By this time, the other diners were taking such an active interest in my welfare that I thought of asking the conductor to step into the Powder Room with me until we settled the matter.)

Apparently the conductor could do his book-keeping only in one part of the train because he emerged from his hide-out on five occasions, each time to collect one more item of information for his report which, he said, had to be sent to Ottawa. (In between visits I peeked under the band-aid to make sure it hadn't healed over: I do heal fast!) The last question, which had doubtless been trembling on his lips five times, was my age. He bent over and whispered, revealing how he hated to ask it, but it was required!

Surely this was the end! But no; when I detrained at a station to stretch my legs, there was a six-foot-tall railroad policeman, slightly greyed at the temples. He called me by name and enquired after my injury. This was when I began to see the possibilities in the situation. Holding up my little pinky with the band-aid on the tip, I looked up at him as pitifully as a maltreated kitten and confessed (stifling down the giggles that threatened to choke me) that it had bled a good deal and was throbbing painfully. He sympathized, oh so kindly, and brought up the matter of a doctor. But I

continued to bear up bravely, and refused. (I could just imagine a busy doctor filling in his report with "malingering" after one look at that band-aid.) Asked if there wasn't *anything* he could do for me, I suggested a supply of band-aids, whereupon he produced enough to last me until next summer. As he put me back on the train, I saw my porter leaving in his civvies, but a new one had come on with instructions to look out for me, which he did, hovering over me like a mother hen.

Now this is hard for even me to believe, but when I reached my destination the next noon, I was taken off my car by a tall, blonde, handsome 35-year-old. While not a doctor, he did represent the railroad (insurance department is my guess). I could keep up the "throbbing painfully" act no longer and I laughed outright. Embarrassed at my lack of appreciation and a little on the defensive over my obvious health, he said, "Well, I didn't know but what you had a hand off!" He too asked if there wasn't *anything* he could do for me. There being no redcap in sight and the platform very long, I said, "Why, yes, you can carry these bags and find me a taxi." And so the railroad and I parted friends.

Telling this story on my vacation, I found two other persons who had a like experience. Only one, however, had netted anything like as much attention, and she was several points up on me. The other muffed her chances by making a tactical error right at the start. She had broken a frosted glass door with her shoulder when the train lurched round a corner, and a splinter of glass cut her arm. However, she attributed her injury to her own clumsiness and apologized profusely to the conductor and trainman for having broken their door. Quite willing to let bygones be bygones, they accepted her apology graciously without charging her a cent for damages, and speedily lost all interest in her welfare, even a fatherly interest.

In the other case, the traveller was stepping from a car into the diner; in so doing she encountered a spike sticking out of the framework, which ripped her stocking and tore the flesh of her (pardon the expression) leg. Clearly, this was not due to awkwardness on her part, nor would God have countenanced a misplaced spike in any Act of His. In no time flat a doctor appeared, if not two, plus conductor, porter, and trainman, and all danced attendance for the rest of the trip. Her meals in the diner were on the company (no small item), and she was presented with a new pair of super-deluxe nylons. At her destination, four men handed her like a Dresden doll into the arms of her husband, who murmured a puzzled but audible inquiry: "Wot in hell goes on?" as he regarded his wife with new interest.

As I say, there's nothing like a slight accident if the trip is tedious and, if carried to its logical conclusion, it pays off with the home folks too.

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Toronto Alderman John McMechan, dairy operator, told the convention he couldn't understand why a consumers' representative was needed on the Milk Control Board because the distributors had always done a fine job of presenting the consumer view.

(Globe and Mail)

Atomic personality with proven executive ability desires a chance to put publicity, promotion and exploitation talents to work in a position of unlimited scope. Can sell anything from ideas to tangibles. Don't want either a Job or Position—instead, a clear track where unlimited imagination and resources can highball to new destinations.

(Advertisement, Globe and Mail)

Professional gentleman would drive Forest Hill executive to and from business, morning and afternoon. Cadillac.

(Classified advertisement, Toronto Star)

Mr. [James] McGinnity compared TTC wage rates with those in the United States. Pittsburgh, he said, is paying \$1.87 an hour for a street car operator. A bankrupt system like that in Detroit was paying away over the TTC rate, he said . . . As for the \$1.55 demanded by the union, Mr. [Murray] Cotterill said if the TTC did not meet the union's demand, it would not be able to get the type of responsible operator to whom a person would want to entrust the lives of his family.

(Globe and Mail)

The next speaker said employees "were through subsidizing the T.T.C. for the mistakes they've made. We're through subsidizing a cheap fare. Who cares if the fare goes up to 10 or 15 cents as long as we get what is coming to us?" . . . James McGinnity, international vice-president said: "You men have done such a good job the company has taken the money you have earned by your blood and sweat and dumped it into a hole on Yonge St. All you're asking is the crumbs from the table."

(Toronto Star)

Suspension faces truck drivers, belonging to the AFL Truck Drivers' Union, if they lend a transportation hand to citizens in the event of a TTC strike. The warning came yesterday from union president William Mills. In effect, this means that some companies planning to have their truck drivers pick up employees for work will have to reconsider arrangements. The suspension warning, however, does not apply to those drivers who are not members.

(Globe and Mail)

Canon C. R. Montgomery of the Anglican Church Mission at Akilavik, North West Territories, a brother of Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, will be in Edmonton this week . . . Although his primary job in Akilavik is as a missionary, Canon Montgomery is also serving unofficially as a recruiting officer for the Canadian services, and is credited with recruiting several Eskimos and Indians.

(CBC Times)

James Sinclair (Lib. Coast-Capilano) objected strongly, stating the label "minister of make believe" was "almost as offensive as though I were to call Mr. Drew the pompous jackass leading the Opposition. It is obviously true, nevertheless, I would not use an expression like that about him no matter what I thought about it."

(Toronto Star)

No one thinks that the CBC is entirely Communitic, but the trouble is they are a lot of long-haired idealists who have no practical experience, and have never had to meet a payroll. They talk about freedom of speech which is a good thing in theory, but in practice means that they produce a lot of impractical, idealistic nonsense . . . In conclusion, I should add that, instead of all these highbrow talks about astronomy, philosophy, and, etc., why could we not have more sermons on popular science from a group of ministers of the United Church, the Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church. They would have to be selected carefully, because there are a few long-hairs among them, too.

(Letter to the editor, Montreal Gazette)

By a vote of 16-6, city council yesterday rejected Mayor Lamport's motion to have the sale of horsemeat banned in the Toronto metropolitan area. . . . Ald. Sparling said that humanity owed much to the horse and this was no way to repay the debt to this noble beast.

(Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Marion Bryden, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.



Speedway

Sam Elkin

► HARRY BELLMAN PULLED UP on the hand-brake of his car, opened the door, struggled out from behind the steering-wheel and was surprised that he was puffing considerably from the effort. He tightened the muscles of his stomach and patted himself around the waistline. A little pudgy, he thought, but nothing he couldn't get rid of at his age. However, he decided to cut down on the starches. After forty, that's when you got to start worrying about taking it off, he said to himself.

He swung the garage doors shut, slipped the lock into place and snapped it together. Then he went back to the car and glanced up at his bedroom window. He didn't expect to see Lois there and she wasn't. He sighed and thought about the extra sleep he could have used this morning. He got back in the car and mumbled aloud: "No more week-day parties from now on, either." He pressed his lips together determinedly, released the hand-brake, shifted into first and drove out of the driveway toward Route 4.

It was a clear, bright, cold morning. The road looked hard and clean. Everything had a sharp, bright-washed appearance, as though someone had turned a hose on the houses, the road, the sidewalks, the bare trees and even the people he saw waiting on corners for a bus.

He rolled the window down a bit on his side. The air rushing in was sharp and invigorating. He rolled the window down some more and thought: If Lois were here she'd make me turn up my coat collar. He smiled. It would be just like her. He didn't feel cold at all. The fresh air swept the sleepiness out of him. He passed an empty lot and it brought a quick memory of himself playing football in college. He remembered himself running and blocking and darting through the line with the ball, side-stepping, stiff-arming, a quick change of pace, a sudden reverse to the other side of the field, and on the way to a touchdown. "Bet I could still do it," he said and nodded with satisfaction. One of these Sunday mornings he'd get up early and play around with the kids in the neighborhood. They were always asking him to referee or coach them. But to hell with that. He'd get out there and play around with them a bit. Show them a couple of things. He glanced into the rear-view mirror, smiled and winked at himself. He reached into his coat pocket for a cigarette.

At North Hackensack he came to Route 4, turned right and headed for the George Washington Bridge. The highway was practically empty this early in the morning. After he lit his cigarette he stepped on the gas and kept the car up around forty.

When he sped onto the bridge that crossed the Hackensack River he noticed, for the first time, the red hood of a car drawing slowly up beside him. He gave it a quick glance, turned back to the road and instantly jerked his head around to the other car.

Beautiful! It was the first word that popped into his head. Beautiful! It was the only word he could think of to describe the girl behind the steering wheel of a convertible with the top down. She looked like one of the magazine advertisements with her dark hair whipped back by the wind, her face glowing, her cheeks red and her mouth spread slightly apart, smiling. She turned her head to him and her lips widened. She yelled something. And waved. He smiled. He couldn't

help it. Her freshness seemed suddenly to push itself into his car. He switched his eyes to the road, but in a moment had turned back to her.

She was just a few feet ahead of him. She glanced back, laughed and waved him on.

"O-kayyy!" he said and smiled. He flipped his cigarette out of the window and pressed down on the accelerator.

His car swept up to hers. She pulled away. He gave his car more gas and came even with her. Again she moved ahead. He fed his car more gas. They both raced under the trestle at Teaneck High School, his car slightly behind hers, and he began to feel excited.

Slowly, his right foot pressed down on the accelerator. The excitement started in his hands, tightening around the steering wheel. And crept up his arms like goose pimples. And up into his throat which went dry and caused him to breathe a little heavier. The excitement crept up his cheeks, flushing them, warming them. And he laughed. High-pitched. And he was surprised, momentarily, that it almost sounded like a giggle as his car drew even with hers. He jerked his head to the side. "Get a horse!" he yelled, and realized that she couldn't hear him because the window was up on that side.

He laughed out loud now as his car inched ahead. His eyes were bright and wide and dancing. He came forward in his seat, his chest over the steering wheel, his chin almost touching the top curve of the wheel. Now he was half a car ahead of her. He laughed again and yelled, and a quick thrill raced up his spine as he had a feeling that he had done this before. Years ago. On his way back to school, and some girl had raced him for miles. He had teased her, pulled ahead whenever he wanted and . . .

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the red convertible drawing up. Now they were even. He leaned further over the steering wheel and stretched his neck as though all this would help him build up extra speed.

"Come on, kid!" he yelled. "Come on!" and he actually raised himself up out of his seat as he shoved his foot down on the gas until it touched the floorboard. He felt the extra surge of speed, and let out a triumphant roar as his car pulled ahead.

"Get a horse! Get a horse!" he shouted and laughed. "Come on! Come on!" he yelled and glanced at the speedometer, then jerked his head to the side. "Come on, baby, you gotta be faster than that!" he roared and laughed again, and started to take his right hand away from the steering wheel to wave her on when his hand just wouldn't come away. The yelling died in his throat. The laughter froze on his lips. He flopped back into his seat. His eyes shot back to the speedometer and, instantly, his foot came off the gas.

Ninety, he thought.

Ninety!

The girl in the red convertible roared ahead. Harry Bellman was a hundred feet behind her in a matter of seconds. As his speedometer fell down to thirty she was at least a quarter of a mile away. He saw her turn to him briefly, wave him on, then face the road again, her hair whipped back by the wind. And then he noticed that she was slowing down.

Bellman stopped his car beside hers. He realized, with irritation, that she was younger than he had at first supposed. Nineteen, or twenty at the most. The smile on her lips bothered him for some reason. She was motioning for him to turn down his window. He did.

"What happened?" she asked pleasantly.

With a sudden burst of annoyance Bellman said: "What's the matter with you?"

The smile on the girl's lips hung uncertainly.

"You want to kill somebody? You ought to have your license taken away, young woman!"

The girl's startled expression only increased his annoyance.

"Kids like you shouldn't be allowed on the road," he said.

Her startled look became touched with fear. Bellman, then, had an instant when he felt he should smile or something to show the girl he was only kidding. But for some reason his mind kept saying: "I'm not kidding, I'm not kidding." Besides, he hadn't a chance to do anything because the girl, nervously and hastily, shifted into first and drove off, casting a frightened glance back at him. Bellman watched her pull away swiftly and disappear around a bend just ahead. Finally, he crossed over to the right side of the road, stopped the car and let the motor idle. He stared at the bend in the road up ahead.

After some moments he sighed and said: "Now why did I talk to her like that for?" Must've sounded sore as hell, he thought and continued to stare at the bend in the road up ahead. "Well, what the hell was I so sore about?" he said, nodding and frowning and then, for a long time, he sat motionless, remembering the sock in the pit of his stomach when he realized what his speedometer showed, seeing again the girl's youthful face and wondering why that had bothered him and her smile, too, and now mixing her up for a moment with the girl he had raced back to school many years ago, remembering how he had teased her, pulled ahead whenever he wanted, fell back, raced again and, later, after they had stopped he had dinner with her, and much later . . .

Harry Bellman sighed again. "What the hell was I so sore about?" he said slowly and emphatically. Finally, he shook his head and shrugged. He leaned over and cranked up the window on his right side. Now he pulled up the collar of his coat and once more he sighed, and it was as though he had been running a long distance and had just caught his second wind. He pulled a cigarette out of his pocket, lit it, and suddenly thought about this Sunday morning, when he'd toss a football around with the kids.

"I'll coach them," he said, puffing thoughtfully on the cigarette. "Always wanted to coach a football team." Even in college, he thought and nodded. "I'll coach them," he said.

He placed his hands on the steering wheel and sat this way for some time, staring at the bend in the road just ahead. Finally, he shifted into first and drove off toward the George Washington Bridge, keeping the speedometer up around twenty-five.

America's New Middle Classes

Lloyd Harrington

► 1951 SAW THE PUBLICATION of a work* on America's new middle classes which has been under-assessed by its publisher and the several reviewers whose comments we have seen. Its critics agree that *White Collar* is fresh, readable, and remarkably free from professional jargon, but they have tended to see it as a disturbing, thought-provoking presentation when such adjectives are understatement of its worth. C. Wright Mills' appraisal of white-collar America is a most forthright, mature analysis of its subject. Here is

*WHITE COLLAR: C. Wright Mills; Oxford; pp. 378; \$5.75.

the encyclopaedic mind unmasking the modern enterprise for its salary slaves and others to see.

Almost a century ago Marx, rather tediously, examined the new industrialism of his day to show that the growing class of wage-earners had nothing to sell but their labor, which became simply another commodity in a commodity-mad world. He predicted the growth, under capitalism, of the wage-earning class at the expense of the small entrepreneur and the lower middle-classes—who would be sucked down into the growing mass of industrial proletarians. But Marxists were confounded when that prediction proved to be in error in the twentieth century. Modern technology made possible undreamed of production without the recruitments from other strata that Marx had envisioned.

But this did not mean that the old middle classes were untouched by modern enterprise. In our day, small business and the individual free enterpriser are becoming anachronisms, yet the relative size of the middle class has increased rather than diminished. There is even some recruitment, Mills shows, from the working class into the new white-collar masses in mid-twentieth century America. The effect of highly mechanized production has been to bring about the expansion of clerical and sales personnel on a mammoth scale. These are the significant white-collar masses with whom Mills is chiefly concerned. Like the industrial working class, this new giant is propertyless, dependent on selling its services to live.

Traditionally, white-collar people are skilled at dealing with people or with symbols, while industrial workers are skilled at dealing with things. With the rapid increase in the use of expensive office machinery, however, a large segment of clerical help is being reduced to the status of machine tenders. Even the educational differential is lessening between white-collar and factory help. This is due, in part, to increased educational opportunities, but it is also because office and personnel managers in large enterprises have found that well-educated workers frequently find routine office jobs frustrating. A growing division of labor in larger offices has robbed the work of any interest it may ever have had.

It may be hard to shake the habit of thinking of "unskilled" and "semi-skilled" as wage-earner classifications, but Mills says that much white-collar work today can be learned in less than three months. Actually, white-collar workers in many cases are borrowing prestige on the basis of skills which are a thing of the past. This, of course, is also true of many skills in industry as well.

In spite of innovations, however, socially and culturally the white-collar groups are still middle-class, even when the only link with the old middle classes is the psychological one of identification. Like all other groups in our society, they have within their group an infinite range of gradations as to income, social standing, education, etc. In terms of income, Mills claims, white-collar people as a whole still have a good edge on wage-earners, but the gap is narrower than formerly.

An entertaining part of *White Collar* deals with "The Great Salesroom," which is modern America on the counter. In 1940, sales personnel were 6 per cent of employed Americans, 14 per cent of the total middle class, and 25 per cent of all white collar people. On the basis of research by himself and others, Wright Mills offers some insight into the attitudes of this important group in the modern world. Some amusing excerpts from interviews with sales clerks in large stores are reproduced.

Mills' opinion of the plight of the retail clerk will interest those who are engaged in white-collar organization. He writes: "Caught at the point of intersection between big

store and urban mass, the salesgirl is typically engrossed in seeing the customer as her psychological enemy, rather than the store as her economic enemy."

It may be that this was not the attitude of salespeople of a former day, who knew their customers personally, felt close to their employer, and had more interest in the products they sold. Modern salesmen are the victims of bigness and all of the frustrations that go with it. In a slap at Dale Carnegie and similar schools of thought, Mills says, "Both entrepreneurial and white-collar patterns involve the remaking of personality for pecuniary ends."

From these comments it should not be assumed that *White Collar* deals exclusively with clerical and sales personnel. Mills studies the problems of intellectuals, the professions, management, farmers, pressure groups, and lobbyists in a well-rounded survey of middle-class America. Of the intellectuals, Mills emphasizes, "they are people who live for and not off ideas." He sees intellectuals as "detached from popular values and stereotypes," in revolt, typically, from the practices and values of society. In the middle of the twentieth century he believes that freedom of the intellectual has been circumscribed. A combination of growing bureaucracy plus the availability of jobs with strings on them has increased the "difficulty of speaking one's mind in dissent."

Large-scale employment of brains for research, various chores of scientific and theoretical justifications on behalf of assorted vested interests (including trade unions) has made of intellect a commodity. Says Wright Mills, "A commodity does not control the market; its nominal worth is determined by what the market will offer." The intellectual who is employed to provide new orientations for some interest group is too frequently robbed of the freedom and

the energy to fulfill himself at his normal role of criticism and dissent. He ceases to be an intellectual.

On the theory of the "Managerial Revolution" Mills is equally penetrating. In the rise of modern management he sees no revolution imminent. It represents, he claims, simply a depersonalization of ownership. This is how he argues: Managers have in no way expropriated the owners, "nor has the power of the propertied enterprise over workers and markets declined." He claims that the newer bureaucracies of paid managers are but the form of ever greater concentration of ownership. There is no expropriation because the manager derives his powers from the propertied classes, acts in the interests of preserving property relationships, and makes the payment of dividends his aim.

There is no revolution, he continues, because the top men in the managerial bureaucracy are themselves powerful members of the propertied class, even when their ownership of property does not include any substantial part of the particular enterprise which they manage. They are one with the propertied class inasmuch as they feel and think, politically and economically, with that class.

Because he sees the political and social, as well as the economic, aspects of the so-called "Managerial Revolution," Mills presents a well-balanced picture. Those who think that the managers can be divided from the owners should ponder over his words:

"If the powerful officials of U.S. corporations do not act as old-fashioned owners within the plants and do not derive their power from personal ownership, their power is nevertheless contingent upon their control of property. They are managers of private properties, and if private property were 'abolished,' their power, if any, would rest upon some other basis, and they would have to look to other sources of



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authority. Many of these same men might continue as managers of factories and mines, but that is a new political question."

For a picture of corporate enterprise in the United States at mid-century, *White Collar* is the most timely work available. Outside of the several larger metropolitan areas, it is for us in Canada a picture of the shape of things to come.

On The Air

Allan Sangster

► I RESUME THIS MONTH the list of things which might well be done with the network time which will be freed when, or if, some of the less desirable commercial programs are dropped. I beg, as I have begged before, that a regular program of stories, after the pattern of "Bernie Braden Tells a Story" may be re-established.

Not long after the Braden series was dropped I had definite assurance from CBC top brass that a similar series would replace it, though there might be "a short gap" between the death of the old and the birth of the new. Well, that gap has now stretched to something like a year and a quarter, and nothing has been done. I had, later, assurance from another CBC executive that he would like to see a regular daily short story on his network, and that he regretted the untimely decease of the Braden series. But again nothing has been done.

I have to admit that in the case of short stories for radio I am undoubtedly a special pleader, for I sold a great many stories to the Braden series and hope to sell many more to any series of popular stories which may be instituted. But making every allowance for that, looking at it with cold objectivity, these facts remain:

The daily short story program was both a good and a popular series; it gave more help both to young and aspiring and to older and established writers than anything the CBC has done before or since; considering both the entertainment it gave to listeners and the financial help it gave to writers, it was a relatively inexpensive program. Far larger sums have been spent, and are being spent — sometimes squandered — on single one-hour shows than were spent on the story series in a whole week; not only are these shows no more entertaining (sometimes they are less), but their production costs go, almost exclusively, to those who are already, by comparison, affluent — well, if not beyond the dreams of avarice, then certainly beyond the nightmare of real need.

And it is really of no use to maintain that "Canadian Short Stories" fills the gap. Its audience is not so wide, its circle of writers is not so wide, its rewards to the writer, while larger per story, are not nearly as large *in toto*, its taste in story selection is much narrower. To put it in magazine terms, Canadian Short Stories may be the *Story* or *Atlantic* of the network, but Bernie Braden Tells a Story was the *Saturday Evening Post*. That it was also, occasionally, the *Star Weekly* and *Family Circle* was not sufficient reason for taking it off.

I think too, that the Corporation should resume, as soon as possible, a pleasant and helpful practice which it has long since abandoned. This is the practice of scheduling regularly short (fifteen minute and half-hour) recital periods from every production point in which music is made or music-students trained.

Nobody in his senses would argue that the student or teacher recitals which filled these periods gave us virtuoso performances, for a fair number of them were slipshod and some were downright appalling. But a great many were

very good indeed; always they gave us "live" music; usually they gave us "good" music, insofar as selection, as distinct from performance, was concerned. And they always gave the performer experience, prestige, a chance to find himself before an audience, and a little money.

The Massey Report, which is only too likely to be forgotten unless repeatedly brought to public notice (now that its first impact has passed) might well be recalled here. On page 188 the report says, with that wry mildness which gives it such distinction: "The Canadian concert artist and the Canadian professional musician fare rather better than the Canadian composer since they find it not impossible but only extremely difficult to gain a precarious livelihood from their art." And, on the following page: "For the young artist at the beginning of his concert career, to whom frequent public appearances are an essential part of his training, the problem in Canada is particularly acute."

To the eminently sensible findings of these learned ladies and gentlemen we can add little, excepting, perhaps, a reminder to the CBC that the restoration to the network of these regional recital periods would, to a considerable degree, reduce the acuteness of that problem.

Some time ago I suggested in this column that the CBC, when it gave us Gilbert and Sullivan, should give us all of Mr. G as well as all of Mr. S — that the dialogue was just as important to a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta as the music. Furthermore, that it should abandon the ridiculous dual cast system (one for singing and another for speaking), take a deep breath and the plunge which might eventually give us some singing actors.

Well, the mills of the CBC, like those of an even more powerful Authority, grind *exceeding* slow, but at last, on Wednesday Night December twenty-sixth, it came to pass.

And the result? As sparkling a performance of *The Mikado* as one could hope to hear — one which should inspire producer Morgan and conductor Waddington to give us more G. and S. this way — and Trans-Canada Director Boyle to let them.

New Year's Week too, brought two better than average dramatic shows — Nathan Cohen's adaptation of S. N. Behrman's *The Second Man*, on Ford Theatre; and, on Winnipeg Drama, an excellent original — *Look Out Below*, by Noel Stone. It has been the custom lately on Winnipeg Drama to refer to the pieces being played as "Bagatelles"; *Look Out Below* was, however, no bagatelle, but an extremely powerful, well-written and well-played radio drama.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► CLOSE to my heart.

Question: Close to whose heart?

Answer: Why, close to Gene Tierney's heart, and yours, and Ray Milland's, and mine, and Fay Bainter's, too. Everybody's heart. Don't you remember the ads said to See It with Someone You Love? Well, then.

Question: I take it the picture's about Lassie? Or Hi-O Silver?

Answer: No, there's another class of object we all cherish. Guess again.

Question: H'm. Lovers, then? All the world loves those, they say.

Answer: Wrong again, Babies. In this case, an inarticulate young shaver called Danny.

Question: Whose baby is it?

Answer: Whose, indeed—that's just the question. Gene Tierney wants to adopt it and make it hers, but Ray Milland—

Question: He'll be her husband?

Answer: Naturally. He thinks the baby's identity matters. He wants to make sure Danny is good enough for his wife. After all, when they were courting he said she was exotic and ought to be in Singapore, and a girl who ought to be in Singapore deserves a grade-A baby. You can see that.

Question: I suppose I shouldn't ask why Gene Tierney can't have one of her own?

Answer: She just can't, that's all. Sixteen specialists tell her so. Anyway, a girl who really ought to be in Singapore can't go distorting her figure with maternity. And yet the dog just makes things worse.

Question: The dog?

Answer: Yes. Ray Milland buys it for her. He likes it, himself, but she misunderstands.

Question: How?

Answer: She thinks it is an indirect comment on her failure as a wife. She cries about it.

Question: So they get rid of the dog?

Answer: Oh, no, they keep it, and decide to adopt the baby as well.

Question: Is that all?

Answer: Not by a long shot. Ray Milland starts to investigate the baby's past. Everybody advises him not to, but he insists.

Question: Why?

Answer: He does not agree that what you don't know can't hurt you. Besides, the audience needs a little fresh air after all that talmum and baby-talk. You must admit it's risky, though; what if the baby turned out to have a criminal background?

Question: I'm asking the questions here. Does the baby have a criminal background?

Answer: Of course. His father's a murderer in San Quentin—a man who enjoyed his profession very much. A cad.

Question: Dear me. So they decide not to adopt the baby?

Answer: No, they still want it—at least Gene Tierney does. But the adoption people won't let them have it after all.

Question: Why not?

Answer: Follow me closely, because this is rather involved. The adoption people don't believe in criminal heredity, only in environment and Love; and they get the impression that Ray Milland will just sit around waiting for the baby to develop a sneer and kleptomania—or worse. Otherwise he wouldn't have gone to all the trouble of digging up the dirt. That would make him a bad father. Suspicious.

Question: Why did he, incidentally? Dig, I mean?

Answer: Partly to get away from the nauseating sight of Gene Tierney drooling over the baby, and the baby burping back. Besides, he likes the dog better. He doesn't say so, but you can see he doesn't want a baby, doesn't think his wife's a failure as a wife, and is jealous of Danny.

Question: Good thing the adoption people took it back, then. What did Gene Tierney think of that?

Answer: She—well, if she weren't such a beautiful girl, exotic and all that, you'd call it sulking. She just lies around in tailored pajamas saying nothing and looking reproachful.

Question: So they get a divorce?

Answer: Nonsense—the picture has already run seventy-five minutes. Milland has a change of heart and brings home the bacon—I mean the baby. Bacon they have already—lots of it.

Question: How? I thought the adoption people decided he would make a bad father?

Answer: Well, Fay Bainter, the adoption authority, is won over. Milland gets hysterical and makes an impassioned speech about how any baby is an unwritten page or a seedling or something symbolic like that. Rather unbalanced, I thought, but evidently she was reassured.

Question: But isn't he still jealous of the baby and fond of the dog?

Answer: Naturally. But all Fay Bainter cares about is the question of environment versus heredity. It's her specialty. You can't expect her to observe people as well.

Question: So it all ends happily?

Answer: Yes. The three of them drive away in their Cadillac convertible, with the dog in the back seat.

Question: Is there anything unique about this picture, in your opinion?

Answer: Yes. Contrary to all the rules, Gene Tierney does not discover the specialists were wrong and she is going to have a baby of her own as soon as the adoption papers are signed. That lends it a certain distinction.

Security

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No night affrights an owl,
No clamour claims the cloister
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Music Review

Milton Wilson

► HERE ARE A FEW Beethoven recordings on recent LP's.

Victor, in accordance with its new practice of reissuing some of its most important old recordings in a series known as "A Treasury of Immortal Performances" gives us the old (1944) Toscanini-Rubinstein recording of Beethoven's *Piano Concerto No. 3* on a new LP record. The original was made from a broadcast performance and, as Victor admits, "slight mechanical imperfections are inevitable." The chief imperfection, for me (which may be a result of the new pressing), is a mild waver of pitch, which is particularly noticeable toward the beginning of each side. In addition, the piano comes through more effectively than the orchestra, with its somewhat thin and stringy recorded sound. But the performance is impressive, and the recording defects do not detract too much from its value. The *Symphony No. 4* is given its most satisfactory recording to date by Beecham and the London Philharmonic on another Victor LP. While the old Toscanini performance was first rate, its recording had a comparatively narrow treble range, and if you compare the last movements of the two sets, the greater freshness and clarity of the violins in Beecham's recording is obvious.

Remington's LP recording of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 6 (Pastoral)* by Kurt Woss and the Symphony Orchestra of the Viennese Symphonic Society is an extraordinarily good buy for \$1.99. Although not especially memorable, the performance has no striking defects, and the recording has an admirable clarity of definition and transparency of texture. The violins are somewhat harsh, but the woodwinds, so essential to this symphony, are excellently reproduced. If you want a satisfactory recording of the "Pastoral" at little expense, here certainly is a good buy.

A single Allegro LP gives us Beethoven's *Cello Sonata in G Minor, Op. 5, No. 2* on one side and his *Cello Sonata in C Major, Op. 102, No. 1* on the other, both played by Gabor Rejto (cello) and Adolph Baller (piano). To listen to them successively is to realize the continuity of Beethoven's career and to be again dissatisfied with the attitude which sees the early Beethoven mainly as an offshoot of Mozart and Haydn. The first movement of the very early Sonata in G Minor belongs just as much to the world of Beethoven's last works as to the eighteenth century. Rejto and Baller give the two sonatas a strong, well-balanced performance. Unfortunately the recording rattles and buzzes during some of the climaxes, and the sound of the piano isn't very agreeable.

Turning New Leaves

► THE PUBLISHERS BOAST that this work* assembles "almost everything that is known about the subject" of nursery rhymes, and they may well be right. The book collects over five hundred rhymes, accompanying each with a bibliography of its appearances in previous collections, a few parallels in other languages, and, where possible or appropriate, a commentary. It is, apparently, the first scholarly effort at a definitive edition of them for over a century. During that century our knowledge of ballads, broadsides, folk songs, street cries and mummer plays, all of which have contributed to nursery rhymes, has made tremendous strides, so this edition is certainly overdue.

*THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF NURSERY RHYMES: edited by Iona and Peter Opie; Oxford; pp. 467; \$6.50.

CULTURE IN CANADA

EDITED BY

Albert A. Shea

A Study of the Findings of the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences, (1949-1951).

In less than 100 pages this volume gives a review and analysis of the findings and recommendations of the Massey Commission Report.

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The study of nursery rhymes has been hampered by a large number of superstitions. The modern attacks on them by psychological neo-Puritans, obsessed by "sadism" instead of sin, have had a long ancestry. We learn that in the last century a certain Goodrich climaxed thirty years of incessant campaigning against nursery rhymes by writing one for a skit, just to show how easy it was, and thus the sum of his labors was the addition of one more jingle to the canon. Then again, it is natural that infantilism of various kinds should fasten on the nursery rhyme, and the infantilism of pedantry could hardly miss it. Firmly, and in some cases regretfully, the editors inform us that there is probably no connection between Jack and Jill and the gods Hjúki and Bil of the Scandinavian Edda. (Sample of argument: "Hjúki, in Norse, would be pronounced Juki, which would readily become Jack; and Bil, for the sake of euphony, and in order to give a female name to one of the children, would become Jill.") That it is unlikely that the baby on the tree top is the Egyptian child-god Horus, or even the Old Pretender. That it is hardly reasonable to derive "the cat and the fiddle" from an alleged epithet "la Fidele" for Catherine of Aragon. That it is doubtful whether Mother Hubbard can be traced back to St. Hubert, the patron of dogs. That there is no evidence that Tommy Tucker is Cardinal Wolsey, or Simple Simon James I, or the lady riding to Banbury Cross Queen Elizabeth. The most enterprising of such speculators, the editors tell us, was a man named Ker, who a century ago undertook to prove that nursery rhymes were anti-clerical propaganda dating from the Middle Ages. His method was to translate them into a language of his own invention which he claimed to be medieval Dutch, and then re-translate them into the sentiments he wanted.

On the other hand, the editors seem willing to admit that the shoe the old woman lived in was a phallic fertility symbol (hence its use at weddings), that "London Bridge" and "Oranges and Lemons" may contain echoes of a distant ritual of human sacrifice, that "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo" and "Hickory, Dickory, Dock" are numerals of long-extinct Celtic languages, and that a few rhymes may have once had political allusions. Sometimes the editors are over-cautious and inconclusive, as well as too coy about the "indelicate" variants of their canon. But by presenting the bibliographical evidence clearly and in order, they do give us, in nearly every case, a kind of minimum working basis for any future theories. They dispose of the claim that the "Mairzy Doats" song of a few years ago was a spontaneous production of somebody's little girl by placidly tracing it back to the year 1450. They demolish the legend about the origin of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" which caused Henry Ford to restore what he thought was the school where those two maudlin infants had turned up, and to have a book published on the subject. They have tracked down and identified several of those stray wisps of song and jingle which everyone knows, and nobody knows the origins of. (I seem to remember that it was a major effort of detection to locate the author of "Sweet Adeline," not of course in the present collection, who turned out to be a serious-minded composer greatly chagrined to find that his song had become the national anthem of drunks.) From this dictionary we learn that "Where, O Where is My Little Dog Gone?" is the first stanza of a comic German-dialect ballad of the nineteenth century which ends as follows:

Un sausage ish goot, boloney of course,
Oh where, oh where can he be?
Dey makes un mit dog und dey makes em mit horse,
I guess dey makes em mit he.

We learn that the pig stolen by Tom the piper's son was a candy pig, that Miss Muffet's tuffet is more likely to be a

grassy knoll than a three-legged stool, which is also possible, and that the old man thrown down stairs was a daddy-long-legs.

The editors make it clear that, while some nursery rhymes were originally written for children, many come from the first stanza or two of popular songs that have been remembered by some hard-pressed mother or nurse, and, once brought into contact with children, preserved by the extraordinary conservatism of children that keeps calling for the same thing over and over without permitting a syllable's change. Sometimes a popular song or ballad will develop from a nursery rhyme, and the popularity of the song confirms the status of the nursery rhyme: this happened with "If I had a donkey that wouldn't go" and may have happened with "Old Mother Hubbard." The whole subject of nursery rhymes is far broader than that very British and middle-class institution of the nursery, and its problems are the problems of all popular and oral literature.

The subject has another importance too. Nursery rhymes are not only the best possible introduction to poetry; they represent almost the only genuine poetic experience that many people ever get. The child of three who is bounced on somebody's knee to the rhythm of "Ride a Cock Horse" is beginning to learn what poetry is. It is interesting to notice how much he does not need. He does not need a footnote telling him that Banbury Cross is twenty miles north of Oxford. He does not need the information that "cross" and "horse" make not a rhyme but an assonance. He certainly needs no guesswork identifying the fine lady with Queen Elizabeth or Lady Godiva or (by virtue of a pun that started as a leg-pull) Celia Fiennes. But, for one brief moment, he has participated in the intense physical ecstasy that poetry shares with music and the dance, the

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CANADA

ecstasy of the thundering hexameters of Homer, the galloping alliteration of Beowulf, the sinewy blank verse that was bellowed at the noisy and restless audience of the Globe Theatre. Then he goes to school and discovers that poetry is really an unnatural and perverse way of distorting ordinary prose statements, and so of course loses interest. It is unlikely that his interest will be reawakened, either, unless he comes across something that can appeal to the childhood memory which lies buried deep in his stomach muscles. If he has been so completely processed by dull educational theory or sharp commercial practice that he has missed out even on nursery rhymes, there should be nothing to disturb his adjustment to reality, however dingy and foolish a reality it may be.

NORTHROP FRYE.

Books Reviewed

A HERO OF TO-DAY: Vasco Pratolini; British Book Service (Hamish Hamilton); 250 pp.; \$2.25.

HOUSE OF LIARS: Elsa Morante; George J. McLeod (Harcourt, Brace); 565 pp.; \$5.00.

Vasco Pratolini's *A Tale of Poor Lovers*, which was translated from the Italian two or three years ago, enjoyed a good deal of popularity on this continent, and several lengthy reviews of his new book have already appeared in the United States. The interest shown in *A Hero of To-day* has been mainly sociological, for the novel can be regarded as a study of a certain type of postwar European adolescent. In fact its title, which seems at first glance ironic, may also have been intended as ominous: for if we take the word

"hero" to mean simply a central character, we can hardly deny that Mr. Pratolini's Sandrino may very well be the sort of person destined to play a central role in some of Europe's violent tragedies to come.

Sandrino, who is seventeen when the novel opens, is a youth who has lived his whole existence in the Fascist twilight. Now, in the postwar era, he dreams, almost pathologically, of a new March on Rome. He has an affair with the (much older) widow of an unimportant Fascist official; robs her, partly in order to further his political nightmare, and is in his turn betrayed; and finally returns to murder her. This is not necessarily a hopeless plot, but it is quite evidently something beyond the powers of a fairly conventional social novelist armed with the most primitive sort of political allegory. Even as a novel of sociological significance, *A Hero of To-day* is, alas, a quite ludicrous affair.

Elsa Morante's big novel, *House of Liars*, is historical fiction (with pretensions to something more), and its scene is the island of Sicily. It has been praised by English and American writers (the novelist Robert Penn Warren, for example), as well as by various Italian critics writing in magazines published abroad. I can only say, with some diffidence, that I found *House of Liars* a sadly disappointing and tedious novel.

Leaving aside all questions of the translation (which appears to be good) and of the book's remote and alien background, there seems to be a fair amount of internal evidence to suggest that *House of Liars* actually is not a successful novel. It deals for the most part with involuted family relationships, but Miss Morante attempts to add a further perspective through the introduction of social detail. However, the tone is set by the central characters—peculiar, perverse and sometimes grotesque—so that the society is glimpsed only intermittently and as through a glass darkly: the connection between the two worlds is always awkward and desultory. Within the framework of a fairly conventional piece of historical fiction, moreover, Miss Morante includes long stretches of dogged psychological analysis, which merely makes the book seem pretentious and contrived.

Intelligence and discrimination have quite obviously played a large part in the construction of *House of Liars*; perhaps all the book lacks is any real energy and inspiration. In any case, while the ordinary, garish examples of historical fiction have, for good reason, been much-maligned, *House of Liars* suggests that their vigor and their sense of movement are qualities for which we should feel at least a small measure of gratitude.

Robert L. Weaver.

THE LIGHTNING THAT STRUCK ME: Roderick Milton; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 285; \$2.25.

It is said of Roderick Milton that "he can be either amusing or tragic as the occasion demands." To avoid mistake on the part of any prospective reader, it may be firmly stated that in this book he is not amusing. It is not so much that "Without a vision, the people perish," as that in their dying they have not even the glory of martyrdom; they cannot, like Wilder's priest, "lean against the flame." The chief horror of this story of torturers and tortured behind the Iron Curtain of Czechoslovakia is the widespread feeling of death—the death of that which we have known as the Spirit of Man.

For taking part in the Resistance, Karel Volman, a Sudetan of remote German ancestry, was tortured by the Nazis and just escaped hanging with Germany's defeat and the release of all political prisoners. Returning to his flat he finds it looted and learns that his betrayal had been at the

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hands of his landlord, in idle malice. The friend whom he had secreted had been shot on the stairs. Volman suspected the friend's wife, but learned that she had committed suicide. A clever engineer, he seeks re-employment with his old firm but finds it in the hands of ignorant profiteers who dismiss his application since he has no political influence. He is re-arrested because of his German ancestry, and saved only by the fancy of the profligate mistress of a member of the Ministry of the Interior. Every effort to rehabilitate himself is defeated by cruelty and stupidity. In desperation, he manoeuvres his escape by way of Bavaria. "Somewhere behind lay the played-out society that had borne and nourished him and that was now sinking to dissolution."

Roderick Milton is an Englishman, and of course the book would have carried greater conviction had he been a Czechoslovakian. One wonders if any part of the world could be so completely engulfed in vice and despair.

E. McN.

CAROLINA QUEST: Richard M. Saunders, illustrated by Sylvia Hahn; University of Toronto Press and University of South Carolina Press; pp. 119; \$3.50.

Further evidence of the growth of interest in birds in recent years is the publication of another bird book, written by Professor Saunders, naturalist and historian, author of *Flashing Wings* and able editor of the Newsletter of the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.

This is a charming little story of a trip to South Carolina in search of birds, made by the author and a friend, as long ago as 1936. A concluding chapter tells of the appearance recently in Ontario of a number of species of the supposedly southern birds seen on this trip. The wood engravings by Sylvia Hahn are excellent.

Professor Saunders tells the tale of the two birdmen's explorations in the deep south with an enthusiasm which makes delightful reading. They searched for various rare varieties in the woods and marshes and on the beaches and had unexpected adventures, both amusing and alarming. They found pelicans, snowy egrets, painted buntings, a blue grosbeak, wood ibis and many other species and in the process enjoyed what they saw of the South. They had to enter shark-infested waters to rescue their drifting boat, they escaped from a dangerous mire while hunting for nests of clapper rails, they visited isolated old plantations. They kept a constant vigil for deadly snakes.

High point of their trip was the sight of two ivory-billed woodpeckers, an American species now almost extinct, which few ornithologists alive today have seen. The local storekeeper wanted to try to shoot these birds in order to stuff them for his store windows to save bird-watchers the trouble of penetrating the deep swamp to hunt for them.

Ruth Dingman Hebb.

THE ORIGINS OF TOTALITARIANISM: Hannah Arendt; McLeod (Harcourt, Brace); 477 pp.; \$8.75.

I don't imagine that Miss Arendt's book will ever be accepted as a political science text. It has a tendency to become apocalyptic; its style is difficult and quite frequently ponderous; and suddenly, in the midst of its broad and startling vistas, the reader can sometimes glimpse a sort of perverse, even though brilliant enough, crankiness at work. At the same time, and rather in the fashion, say, of *The Revolt of the Masses* or *The Decline of the West*, it offers intuitions and symbols which illuminate a good deal about its subject.

The Origins of Totalitarianism is divided into three major sections: Antisemitism, Imperialism, and Totalitarianism.

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These divisions suggest the course of Miss Arendt's argument: for it is in modern, political antisemitism and in nineteenth century imperialism that she discerns the two peculiar developments which have made this century a breeding-ground for totalitarianism. (Incidentally, Miss Arendt believes—and I am inclined to agree with her—that only Nazism and Stalinism fully deserve the description "totalitarian": Mussolini and Franco represent something brutal and authoritarian, but something less completely ideological and lacking the impetus of a real world view.)

By limiting her description of the origins of totalitarianism to two factors, Miss Arendt is naturally forced to make these factors provide her with maximum evidence. This means that some of her arguments must seem a good deal more convincing to her than they will to many readers. It also means that she has to ignore a number of other factors: to take one example, the influence of technological and economic developments. And it seems especially curious that someone who spends a good deal of space documenting the emergence of the "mass-man" should disregard the various implications of the mass-media, which are surely phenomena of special significance in this country.

Perhaps Miss Arendt's most controversial theory is the one which links the "mob" and "a certain brand of intellectuals" as one of the conditions leading to the growth of a totalitarian society. This is an idea which liberals will find it hard to take, and as Miss Arendt develops it, her theory doesn't escape an unpleasantly mystical tinge. Yet it is an accusation deserving hard consideration: a long list of modern intellectuals have shown themselves to be far from immune to totalitarianism of one sort or another; and there is little doubt that the two great totalitarian regimes have had mass-support. Perhaps the term "mob" was a poor

choice, but that shouldn't excuse us from considering one of the most disturbing implications of modern totalitarianism.

Robert L. Weaver.

COUNTERPOINT TO SLEEP: Anne Wilkinson; First Statement Press; pp. 36; \$1.00.

THE BLACK HUNTSMEN: Irving Layton; pp. 56; no price quoted.

HOW SMOKE GETS INTO THE AIR: Terence Heywood; The Fortune Press; pp. 25; 5/-.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA: Michael Hornyansky; Copp Clark (Basil Blackwell); pp. 14; (now out of print).

Certainly the most interesting and most impressive of these four modest-sized books of poetry, Anne Wilkinson's *Counterpoint to Sleep* is the first collection by a Canadian writer whose work has for several years made a line of sharp and fairly uncommon color in the pattern of Canadian verse-writing. The twenty-three poems, attractively printed by First Statement Press, are better read a few at a time, to preserve one's appetite keen for Mrs. Wilkinson's clever turning of words and phrases.

This great agility with the handling of words and the resultant tricky metaphors and verbal associations are Anne Wilkinson's forte (though she overworks some words, "blood" among them). Whether she is actually saying anything very new or important is another matter.

Perhaps the anger which Irving Layton expressed with skill and vigor in such earlier poems as "De Bullion Street" has made him for the time being inarticulate. At any rate, the newer work in *The Black Huntsmen* is disappointingly

strained and weak. In his effort to drum up poetic power, Mr. Layton even falls desperately back on an adolescent use of four-letter words that in these contexts do not have the stunning force he hopes for. But we can hope that he, like some other poets, will emerge from such a transition period renewed and enriched.

Terence Heywood's *How Smoke Gets Into the Air* is a peculiar affair altogether. Some of the short poems included in the five parts of the work are enjoyable and effective, especially the final one. But the first section is a long rambling, slightly-stream-of-consciousness effort with a few typographical tricks adding up to — well, you figure it out.

The Queen of Sheba, Newdigate Prize Poem for 1951, is a creditable piece of work by Michael Hornyansky, that sounds a trifle like an exercise in superior versification. Traditional, with faint echoes of Omar Khayyam and Tennyson — though also of Eliot — it reads smoothly but does not move one at all.

Anne Marriott.

SAGAS OF STRUGGLE: Samuel Colton; Claridge; pp. 128; \$3.00.

The unions have made tremendous strides in the last ten or fifteen years. They have become a power in the community and a good many people simply assume that they have always been such. It is good for someone to come out and remind the public — and this goes for a good many union members too — that the union movement was built on much struggle and at great cost. Mr. Colton has done just that. His book is an anthology illustrating these and other aspects of trade unionism. His book has been made all the more readable by the inclusion of a sense of humor, as

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witness "Why George Quit a Good Job" by George and Helen Papashvily, and a couple of pieces on race relations within the unions. It is a very human sort of book.

It is a pity, though, that it is so slender. Surely there is more than enough material for a book twice its size. Offhand, I can think of several other subjects that are well documented and might have gone in: the great Pullman strike, the strikes of the Western Federation of Miners, the early strikes of the clothing workers in New York, the steel strike of 1919, the sit-down strikes of the early thirties. But half a loaf . . .

A. Andras.

THE PHOENIX IN THE DESERT: Dunstan Thompson; Longmans, Green (John Lehmann Ltd.); pp. 351; \$5.00.

This is a book of travels concerning a journey from New York to the Valley of the Nile, from Egypt to Palestine, thence to Damascus and on, finally, to Palmyra in the heart of the Syrian Desert. The traveller in this case is not an ordinary sightseer. He is a poet, a young American poet and a Harvard man. His style, his language and his reactions all reflect this combination of background and interests. To those inured to the manner and idiosyncrasies of the *New Yorker* the polished smartness evident in this book will be amusing. To older folk and to those less sophisticated it may prove annoying.

A good number of photographs illustrate the book but they add little. Were this an ordinary book of travels they would have more place, more importance. In reality, though Mr. Thompson did cover the territory he writes about, did see the pyramids, the churches of Jerusalem, the Great Mosque at Damascus, the fantastic ruins of Palmyra, the journey is all made inside Mr. Thompson.

He is a poet, but a penetrating, questioning, shrewd modern poet. Not without a measure of romantic feeling and naïveté he is at the same time typical of the educated younger generation, intensely honest but determined not to be taken in, hoodwinked by sham, duped by propaganda. He has been through the war and shows it. He is a devotee of T. S. Eliot. His is a mind worth studying. For that reason *The Phoenix in the Desert* is well worth reading. Do not read it, however, with the idea of learning much about the Middle East. It is not that sort of a book.

Richard M. Saunders.



LOON—LAURENCE HYDE

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QUIET STREET: Zelda Popkin; Longmans, Green (Lippincott); pp. 382; \$4.25.

Quiet Street is the story of a Jewish family in Palestine during the spring of 1948, just before and after the British evacuation. It is written from the point of view of a woman and a Zionist. There is little consideration given to the political or philosophical aspects of Zionism. The heroine's struggle is a fundamental one—she desires a home, Israel—but she dreads that the home may demand the sacrifice of her children. Unfortunately the portrait of the children is rather chilling—beautiful and brave they may be, but such uncompromising youth scarcely warm one's heart.

Ellen Rogers.

Our Contributors

HOWARD CHAPMAN, a graduate of the University of Toronto, is an architect practicing in Toronto . . . HELEN CLAIRE HOWES, of Montreal, contributed an article, "A Lovelier You—or Else!" to our issue of June, 1949 . . . PATRICIA VAN DER ESCH, who lives in Nijmegen, Holland, recently published a book on the Spanish Civil War, entitled *Prelude to War* . . . SAM ELKIN lives in Maywood, N.J. . . . SYLVIA HAHN is on the staff of The Royal Ontario Museum.

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World Communications, Press, Radio, Film, Television. Prepared in the Division of Free Flow of Information and produced under the direction of Albert A. Shea, Research Fellow of the Canadian Dafoe Foundation. New and Revised Edition. Paris 1951. \$2.50.

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